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IN GREEK COSTUME AT PELHAM BAY

BY JAMES H. CHAPMAN

Illustrated from photographs from life.

My friend Lasalle had been an enthusiast in amateur photography for many years, and, as a man of means with plenty of leisure, he was in the habit of devoting a great deal of time to his hobby. There were few New Yorkers who knew the suburbs of the metropolis so well; and his collection of privately made pictures, illustrating the wealth of landscape and historical interest in the neighborhood of the great city, was unsurpassed.

It was easy to foresee, therefore, that he would be highly interested when Reggie Van Wyck called upon him one evening with a proposition,—namely:

“Let us make some out-of-door negatives in Greek costume.”

“Arn’t you a bit mixed, my young friend?” Lasalle smiled back at his earnest companion in art. “I never heard of a photographic negative wearing any costume at all; and it would surely be improper to call a girl a negative, simply because she possessed the immemorial right of her sex to say NO!”

Nevertheless Lasalle listened to the young man’s plan, and finally agreed to help him carry it out. It was arranged that the two should meet at Van Wyck’s stable at 8 A. M. upon the second following day, and the latter accepted all responsibility as to preliminary arrangements.

Foremost in Van Wyck’s preliminaries was the engagement of a couple of girls,—artists’ models,—to occupy the Grecian gowns aforesaid, and to behave as two Greek maidens might do under the groves of some glen at the foot of Mount Olympus.



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WAITING FOR THE RESCUE



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IN THE ARMS OF THE OLD OAK

The party assembled at the appointed hour and bestowed themselves in Reggie's surrey, which was already so full of costumes, cameras, etc., as to leave little room for the operators in this classical expedition, and the four experimenters finally started on their way to Pelham Bay Park, on the shore of Long Island Sound, where picturesqueness and freedom from interruption could be found.

Arriving there soon after noon, they put away the horses, loaded their arms with cameras and costumes, and wended their way toward the shore. Here stood a small cottage. It was unoccupied, to be sure, but there was a porch, and the hanging up of a few horse-blankets soon turned one corner into a dressing-room, within which the girls disappeared, speedily to emerge as Greek maidens



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"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH"

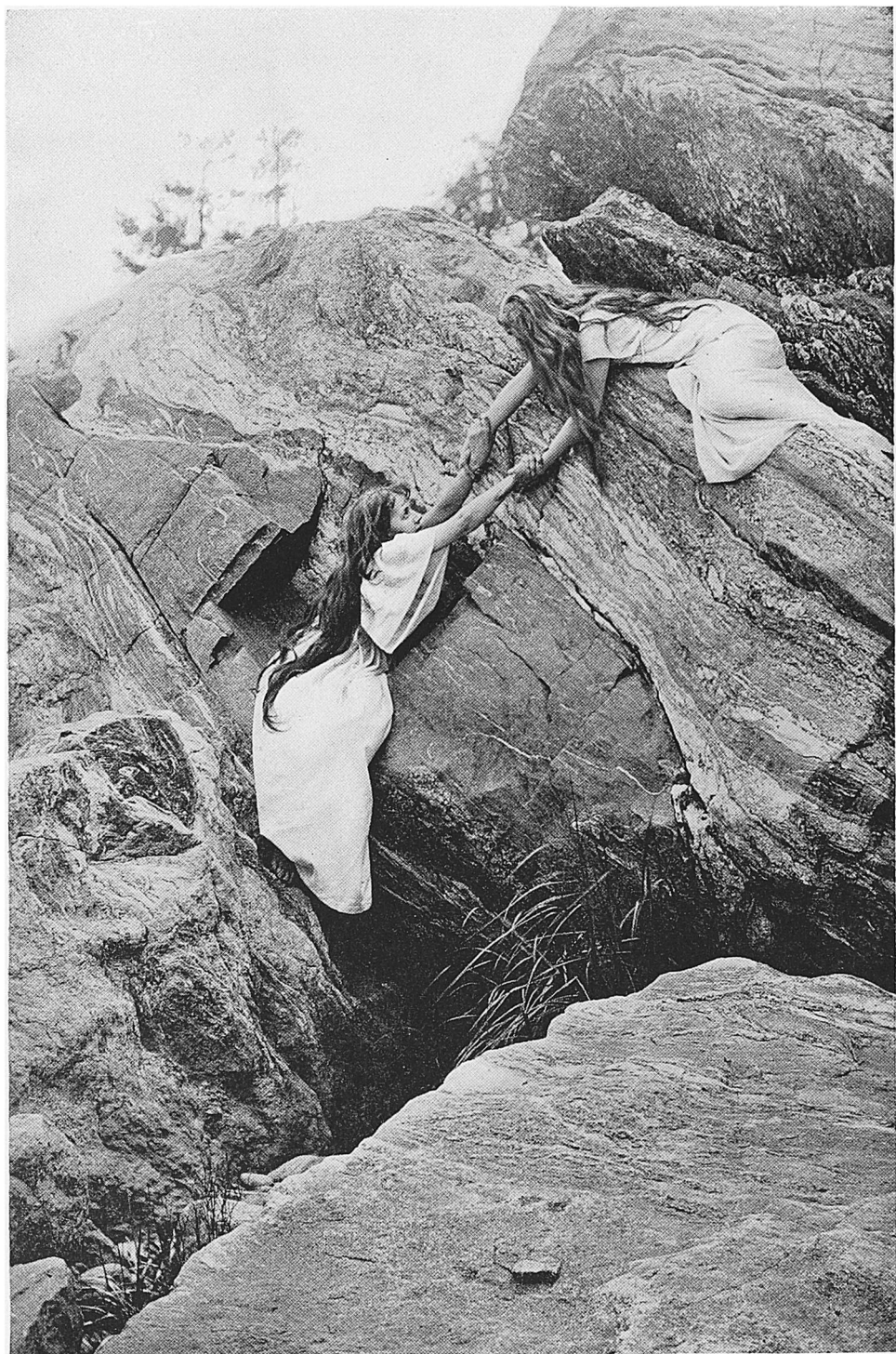
apparelled in flowing white robes. They tripped barefooted across the grass and glided in and out among the thickets, calling up pictures of the golden days when Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, and Pan made his goat-footed people merry among the groves and vineyards of Hellas.

"Oh, Mr. Lasalle!" called one, peeping through a curtain of Virginia creepers so thick that only her laughing eyes were visible, "See what I have found!"

"No matter what you've found," Lasalle shouted back. "Don't move."

And the enthusiast danced around to get his camera in place as though he thought this impromptu pose would vanish by some magic. But it stayed until the shutter snapped, and then the laughing eyes disappeared,—what they "had found" was wholly forgotten!

But Reggie was too much in earnest about his work to spend much time in playing. These young Greeks must prove their mettle, and he led the party off down the shady path to the shore, the girls walking very demurely, hand in hand, where there was a chaos of great rounded rocks among which the tides crept, and over which the spray had been leaping in every gale for unnumbered years.



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CLIMBING THE GNARLED ROCKS



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A PAIR OF LAUGHING EYES

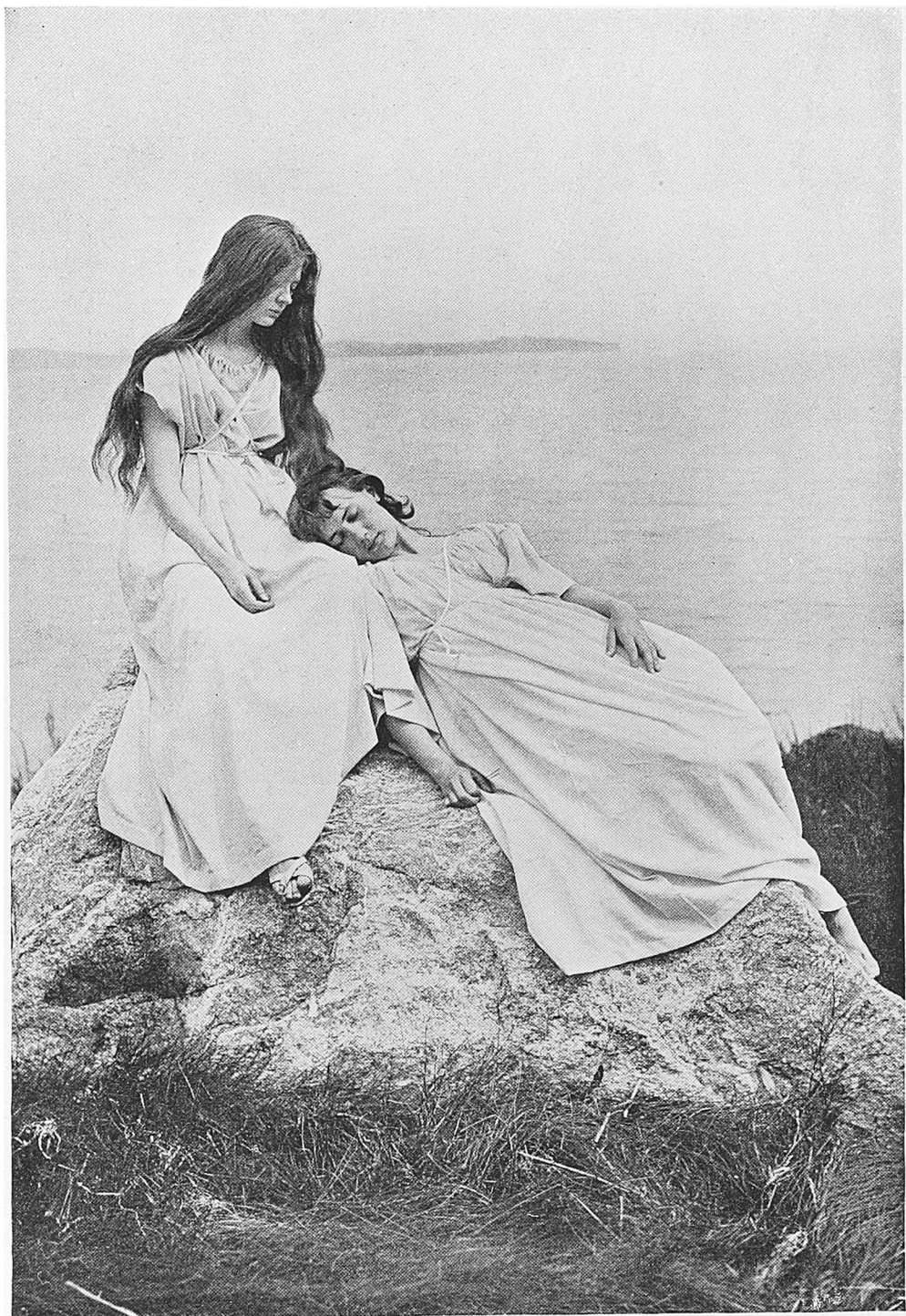


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MOMENTS OF IDLENESS

These rocks were of the old primeval crystalline foundation of things about New York, composed of layers of black, gray, white, and reddish crystals and flakes, most curiously twisted and interwoven; and it was Van Wyck's idea that the soft white garments and rounded figures of the girls would find in them a most excellent background and foil to effective poses.

So he bade them climb the rocks while he brought the camera into readiness to shape them and their surroundings into picturesque adjustment. He was rather long in getting all his machinery where he wanted it, and the two girls, lulled by the lapping of the waves among the kelp, stretched themselves comfortably on



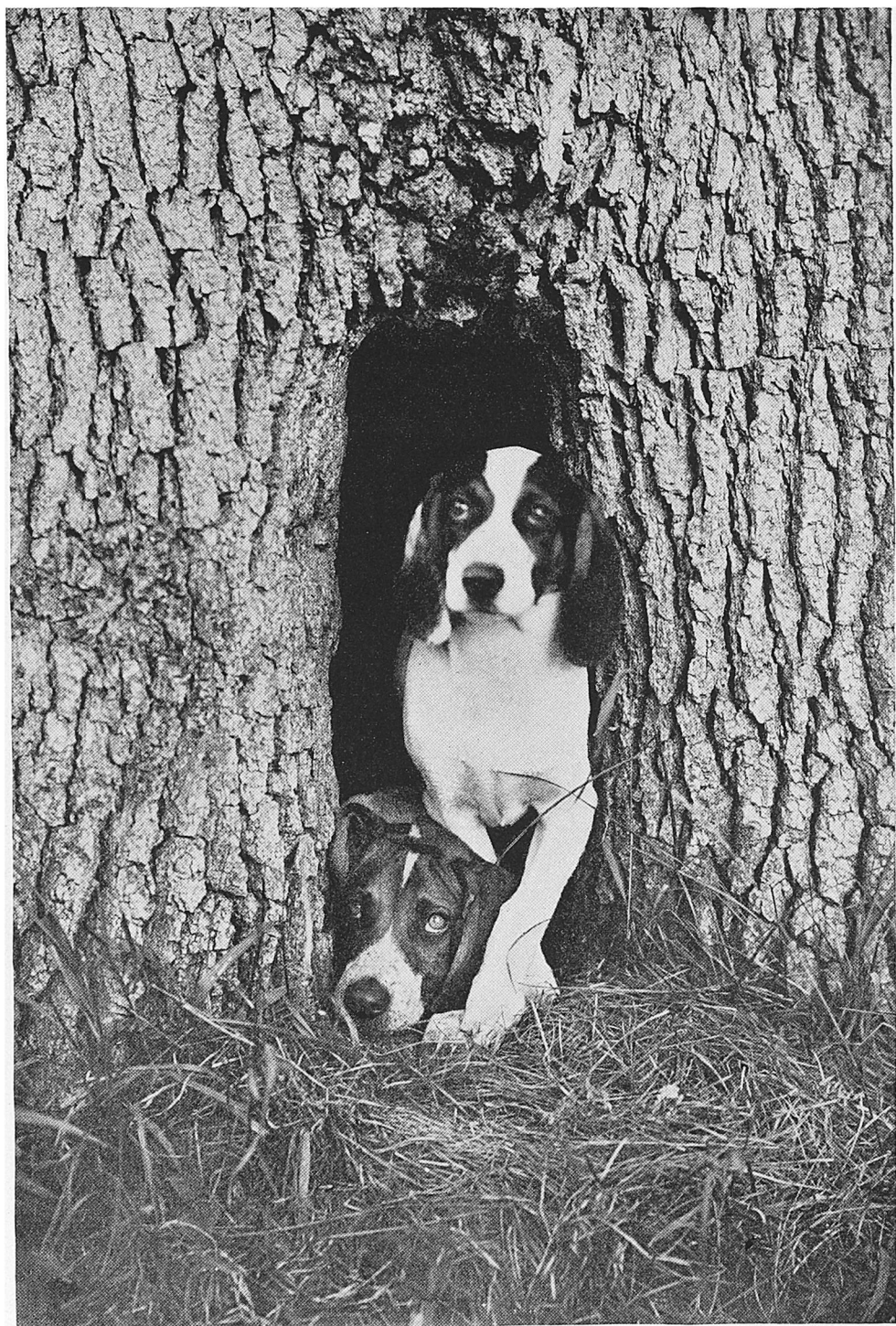
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A SIESTA BY THE SUMMER SEA



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THE PATH TO THE SHORE



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ONE OF NATURE'S KENNELS

the warm boulder, one half-asleep, the other poised on an elbow idly watching the men fussing with the camera, quite content to wait, and unconscious of the pretty picture they had innocently formed where they rested.

Finally the apparatus was ready, and then the work began. The results appear in the accompanying illustrations and are not hard to interpret, so that perhaps it would border on an impertinence to offer to explain the living pictures which these young people composed upon these grand rocks and among these fine groves by the sea, and fixed upon their plates for our delectation. If there be merit and material for enjoyment in them, it is largely due to seizing upon lucky com-

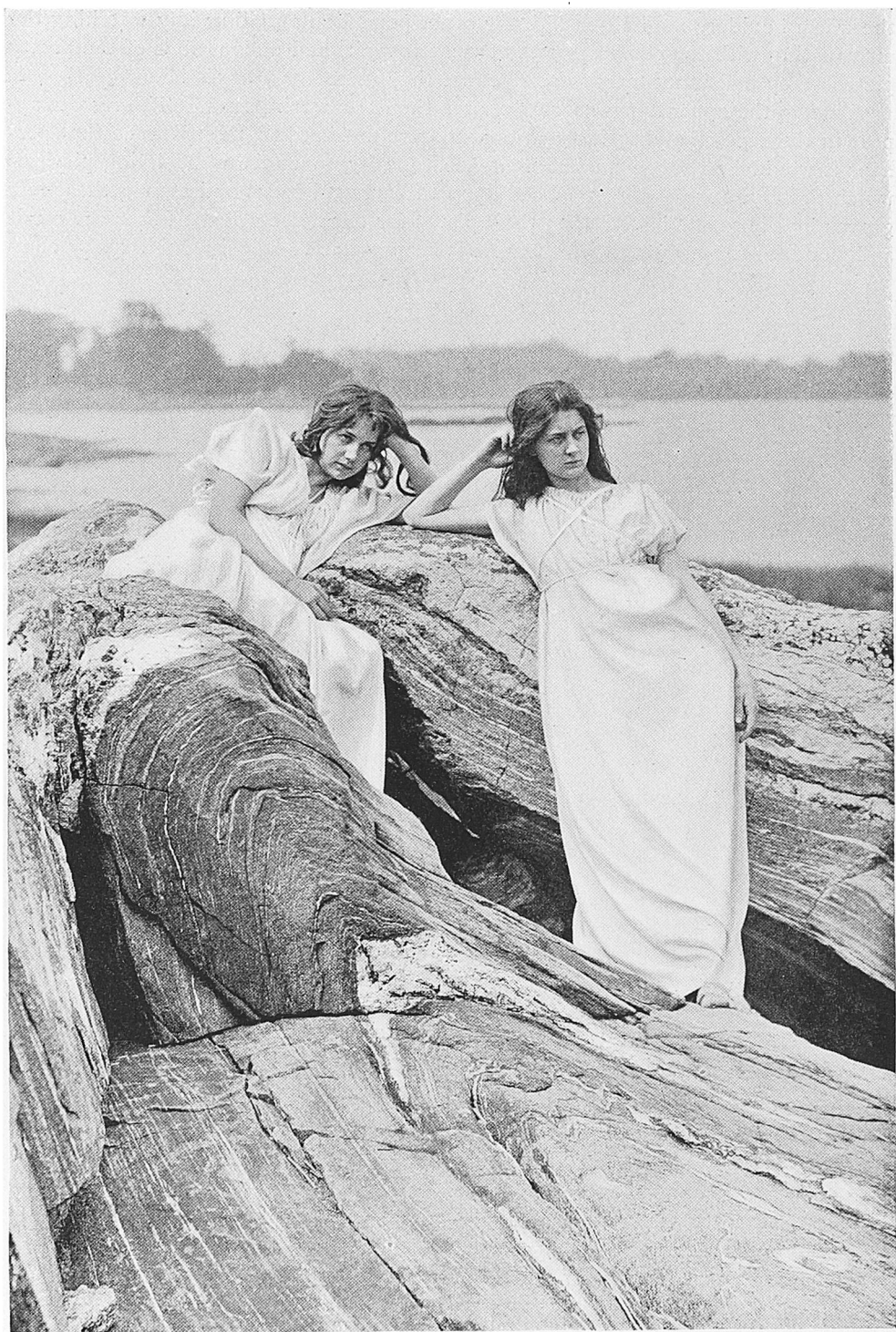


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LAMENTING BY THE "SAD SEA-WAVES"

binations of attitude and surroundings,—pleasing accidents which perhaps only trained women as models, and trained eyes and hands at the camera, could bring about. The girls find a rock almost too tall for them, and Lasalle catches their effort, half made. They drop their hair and crouch on top of a big boulder to give it a sun-bath, and Reggie accuses them of lamenting by the sad sea-waves, and photographs their simulated sorrow. The only carefully studied "pose" of the day was that reproduced on the opening page of this article, where it is to be imagined that these are shipwrecked persons,—one nearly exhausted and with difficulty kept from sliding off the sharp rock, while the other gazes anxiously toward the approaching but still distant rescuers.

Taking it altogether Lasalle admitted, when the day was done, and they drove back to the city, that Reggie Van Wyck had taught him something new.



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NATURE'S ARM-CHAIR



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A SECRET OF THE WOODS